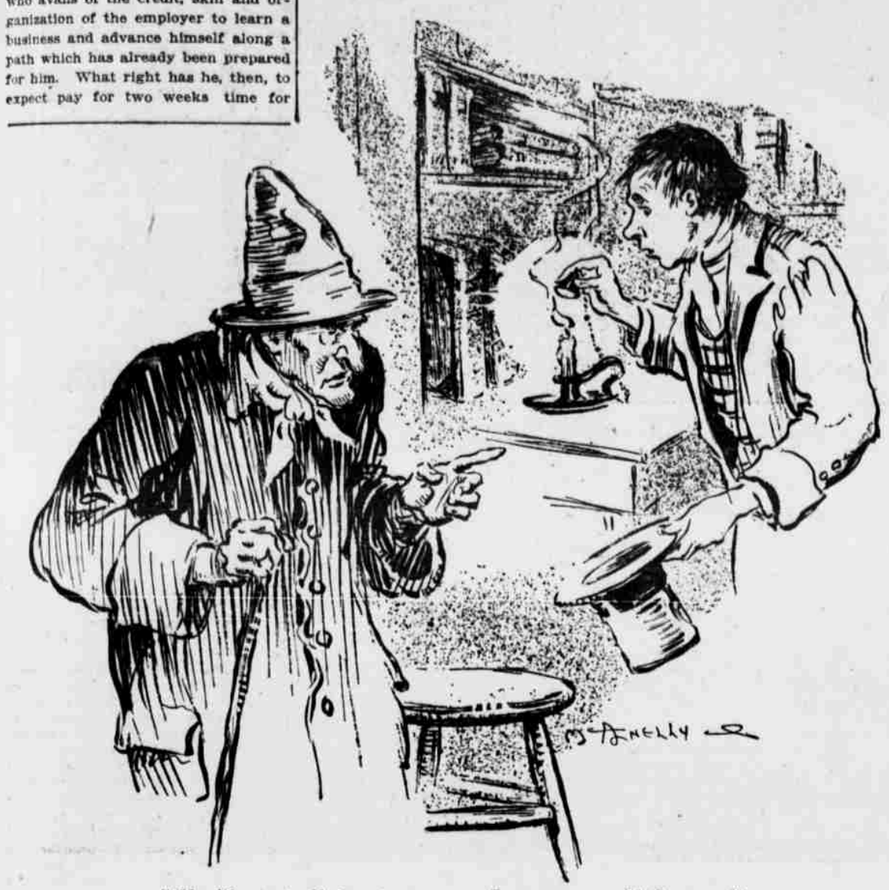
Counterparts in Real Life of Characters Famed in Fiction

Russell Sage's Essay on Vacations, Once Subject of Hot Controversy, Finds Parallel in Argument Dickens Put Into the Mouth of Scrooge—Hugo's Jean Valjean Recalls a True Story—Kipling's "Namgay Doola" Duplicates a Curious Episode in the Sikkim Campaign

By ARTHUR B. MAURICE.

THE late Russell Sage was guilty of at least one essay in authorship. Fifteen years ago, in the columns of a New York weekly, there appeared over his signature a paper entitled "The Injustice of Vacations" that was quoted from one end of the country to the other. Here, in part, was Mr. Sage's argument:

"Let us assume that an employer and his clerk make an agreement to exchange just remuneration for reasonable services, and each keeps his part of the agreement. Are they not then quits? If there is an obligation I think it is on the part of the clerk, who avails of the credit, skill and organization of the employer to learn a business and advance himself along a path which has already been prepared for him. What right has he, then, to expect pay for two weeks time for



"'You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose, said Scrooge."

which he renders no equivalent, not considering the serious inconvenience to which he often puts his employer? Suppose we were to reverse the conventional order of things and instead of the clerk demanding two weeks pay gratis the employer should demand two weeks work without pay as a condition of retaining the clerk in his employ. What a tremendous howl would go up!"

It was not exactly a literary masterpiece, that essay of Mr. Sage's, but for a brief time it was the subject of hot controversy. Then some one came forward with the discovery that the really important point in the whole matter was that Mr. Sage's article was another vindication in real life of a page of fiction, that there was nothing new in the argument, that it was precisely the argument that Charles Dickens had put in the mouth of old Scrooge of "A Christmas Carol," before that worthy had undergone the change of heart as a result of the visit of the fairies. Here is the clinching evidence:

Scrooge's Half Crown.

At length the hour of shutting up the counting house arrived. With an ill will Scrooge dismounted from his stool and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day to-morrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I were to stop half a crown for it you'd think yourself ill used, I'll be bound."

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think me ill used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every 25th of December," said Scrooge, buttoning his great coat to the chin.

The Case of Grogan.

Twenty odd years ago the late F. Hopkinson Smith wrote "Tom Grogan," from material gathered in the course of the author's own experience in building a sea wall on Staten Island. The story told of a courageous woman who, inheriting her husband's contracting business, carried on his work in defiance of continued menace and final physical attack. It was a book to which the labor unions objected strongly. The situation described, they contended, was not only one that had never existed but one that never could exist. The machinations of Crimmins, McGaw and the rest of the strikers in the tale against the woman stevedore were totally incompatible with human nature.

Then came, in New Jersey, the case of Polly McGrail, a case which attracted considerable newspaper attention at the time. With a fidelity that was little short of amazing real life unfolded, incident by incident, detail by detail, the story which Mr. Smith had told a few years before in "Tom Grogan," which culminated when Polly McGrail, after receiving a visit from a walking delegate, whom she dismissed summarily and vigorously, has given its name to a publishing house that is equally well known in Great Britain and the United States, went from Sorrento to Constantinople and soon after disappeared mysteriously. The story told in the novel then followed in real life. Mr. Crawford secured the assistance of the original of the Sultan's secretary in the book. There was, however, one difference. In the actual case the man never was found.

Another curious coincidence of a similar nature had to do with Mr. Crawford's "Pietro Ghisleri." When writing that novel the author was for a long time in doubt as to the exact manner in which Lord Herbert Arden's death should be brought about. The device of the table napkins infected with the germs of scarlet fever, the eventual solution with which readers of the book are familiar, for a long time seemed to him somewhat unnatural and far fetched. Some years after the novel was written and published Europe was startled by the case of a French physician living near Paris. He was a bacteriologist of considerable note, a man of attractive personality and social importance.

Scientist's Guests Died.

The day came, however, when strange rumors began to spread. He had been in the habit of entertaining his friends with great hospitality, but it was noticed that after every one of his dinners one of the guests would die of a virulent malady. In one case it was cholera, in another scarlet fever, in a third the smallpox. Matters finally reached the stage where the physician was arrested, but he committed suicide before he could be brought to trial. In the course of the subsequent investigation his servant, who was to a degree implicated, confessed that his master, who had become a dangerous maniac, had been in the habit, before each of his dinners, of infecting with the bacilli of disease the wine or food of some particular guest.

In all fiction there is probably no more extraordinary plot than that of "The Count of Monte Cristo" of the elder Dumas. Edmond Dantes, the illiterate sailor of Marseilles, denounced as a Bonapartist agent and confined for fourteen years in the dungeon of the Chateau d'If, there to meet the Abbe Faria, who educates him, indicates to him the existence of a fabulous fortune,and in whose burial shroud he escapes to return to the world to wreak his terrible vengeance upon his persecutors, is one of the great romantic imaginary figures of all time. But Dumas, for his plot, did not have to draw upon his invention. He found all the details at hand in real life, or rather in the archives of the French Secret Police. The actual Edmond Dantes was named Francois Picaud.

The Real Dantes.

In 1806 Picaud was a journeyman cobbler, betrothed to a girl named Marguerite Vigoreux. On the eve of his marriage he was denounced as a spy and thrown into prison. There he remained for seven years, acting during his incarceration as the servant of a wealthy Milanese ecclesiastic. The churchman treated Picaud like a son, and dying in prison bequeathed to him seven million francs on deposit in the Bank of Amsterdam and told him of a hiding place in Italy where diamonds to the value of twelve hundred thousand francs, and three million of specie consisting of English guineas, French louis d'or, Spanish quadruples, Venetian florins, and ducats of Milan, were concealed.

After the fall of the Empire in 1814 Picaud, who had been imprisoned under the name of Joseph Lucher, was released. He gathered together the treasure bequeathed to him and began to build plans for vengeance upon the men who had been the cause of his undoing and his suffering. He did not know their names, but disguised as an Italian priest he found the least guilty of the conspirators and by means of the same story of the diamond which Dumas introduced into "The Count of Monte Cristo" elicited from him all the details of the plot. This man was the Caderousse of the story, and the real name of Fernand, the Catalan fisherman who afterward became the Count de Mortcerf, was Loupain.

Loupain, the prime mover of the denouncement of seven years before, had married Marguerite, prospered, and was the proprietor of one of the finest cafés in Paris. There Picaud, in disguise, sought and found employment. Among his fellow servants were Gervais Chaubard and Guilhem Solari, the two men who with Loupain were responsible for Picaud's years in prison. Soon disaster began to fall upon the guilty ones. One day Chaubard disappeared, and his body, pierced by a poignard, was found on the Pont des Arts. Loupain's family was disgraced. He himself was reduced to poverty and finally was stabbed to death by a masked man in the garden of the Tuileries. Solari died in frightful convulsions from poison. Vengeance had been consummated, but retribution was about to fall upon the head of Picaud.

As he was leaving the garden of the Tuileries after the assassination of Loupain, Picaud was seized and carried away to an abandoned quarry. There, in the darkness, his captor said: "Well, Picaud, what name are you passing under now? Are you still the priest Baldini, or the waiter Prosper? In your desire for vengeance you have sold yourself to the devil. Ten years you have devoted to the pursuit of three creatures you should have spared. Me you dragged down to perdition. The diamond by which you bribed me was my undoing. I killed him who cheated me. I was arrested, condemned to the galleys, and for years dragged the ball and chain. When I made my escape my one thought was to reach and punish the priest Baldini. You are in my power. Do you recognize me? I am Antoine Allut. How much will you pay for bread and water?"

"I have no money,"

"You have sixteen millions," retorted the captor, who went on to enumerate with overwhelming accuracy the list of his victim's investments. "These are my conditions. I will give you something to eat twice a day, but for each meal you must pay me twenty-five thousand francs."

The prisoner's cupidity proved stronger than his hunger. He stood the test of such acute suffering without yielding that his captor saw that he had gone too far, and at last roused to fury by this persistent obstinacy he threw himself upon Picaud and stabbed him to death.

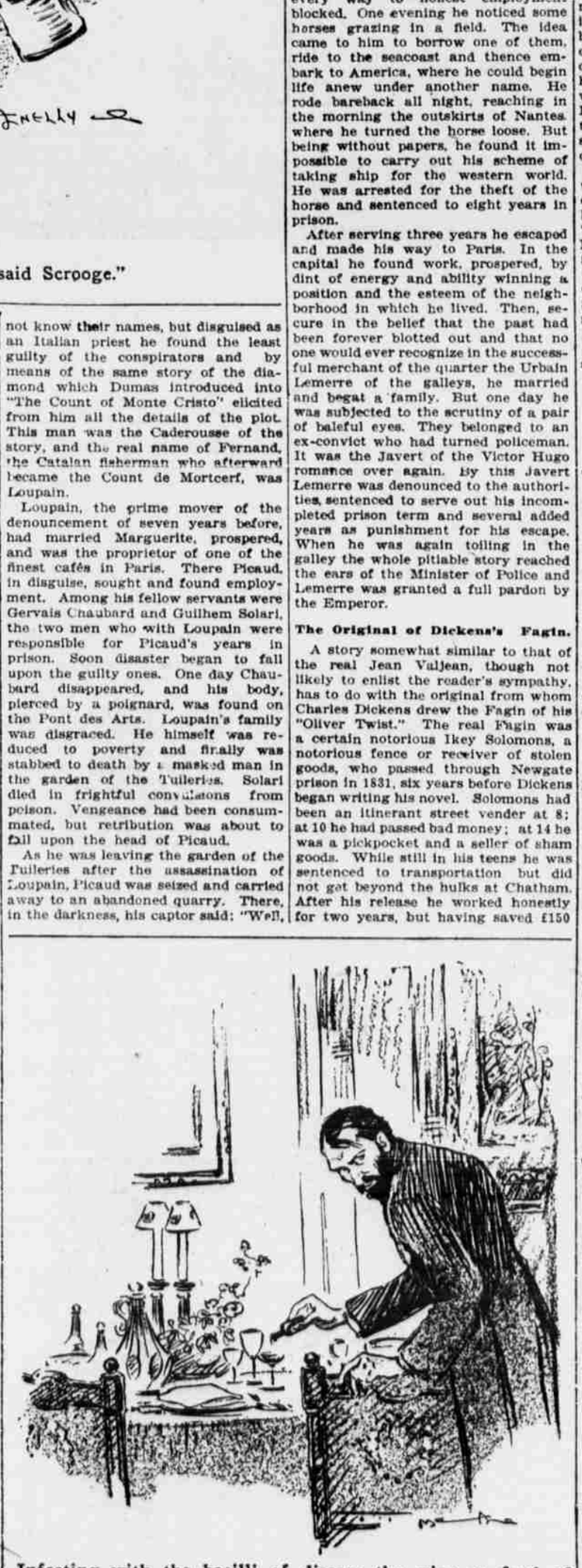
Hugo's Jean Valjean.

If in French fiction there is one character better known to American readers than Edmond Dantes, Count of Monte Cristo, it is the Jean Valjean of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables," and, like Dantes, Valjean has had his counterpart in real life. The name of the actual Valjean was Urbain Lemerre. He was born in a small town in the centre of France and was brought up in the most sordid and unpromising surroundings. When still a youth he committed a trifling crime at the instigation of a comrade, was caught and sentenced to imprisonment. During his incarceration he was a model prisoner and when he was released he was bent upon living henceforth an upright and useful life. Returning to his native town, he found every door barred against him and every way to honest employment blocked. One evening he noticed some horses grazing in a field. The idea came to him to borrow one of them, ride to the seacoast and thence embark to America, where he could begin life anew under another name. He rode bareback all night, reaching in the morning the outskirts of Nantes, where he turned the horse loose. But being without papers, he found it impossible to carry out his scheme of taking ship for the western world. He was arrested for the theft of the horse and sentenced to eight years in prison.

After serving three years he escaped and made his way to Paris. In the capital he found work, prospered, by dint of energy and ability winning a position and the esteem of the neighborhood in which he lived. Then, secure in the belief that the past had been forever blotted out and that no one would ever recognize in the successful merchant of the quarter the Urbain Lemerre of the galleys, he married and begat a family. But one day he was subjected to the scrutiny of a pair of baleful eyes. They belonged to an ex-convict who had turned policeman. It was the Javert of the Victor Hugo romance over again. By this Javert Lemerre was denounced to the authorities, sentenced to serve out his incompleted prison term and several added years as punishment for his escape. When he was again toiling in the galley the whole pitiable story reached the ears of the Minister of Police and Lemerre was granted a full pardon by the Emperor.

The Original of Dickens's Fagin.

A story somewhat similar to that of the real Jean Valjean, though not likely to enlist the reader's sympathy, has to do with the original from whom Charles Dickens drew the Fagin of his "Oliver Twist." The real Fagin was a certain notorious Ikey Solomons, a notorious fence or receiver of stolen goods, who passed through Newgate prison in 1831, six years before Dickens began writing his novel. Solomons had been an itinerant street vender at 8; at 10 he had passed bad money; at 14 he was a pickpocket and a seller of sham goods. While still in his teens he was sentenced to transportation but did not get beyond the hulks at Chatham. After his release he worked honestly for two years, but having saved £150 he returned to London and set up as a fence. Among his other activities he established a system of provincial agencies by which stolen goods were passed on from London to the seaports and thence abroad.



Infecting with the bacilli of disease the wine or food of some particular guest.

For a considerable time Solomons prolonged his immunity from arrest by the care with which he removed all marks by which stolen articles might be identified. On one occasion the whole proceeds of a robbery from a boot shop was traced to him; the owner came with the police and was morally convinced that the property was his but could not positively identify it, and Solomons defied them to remove a single shoe. Eventually the injured boot maker was forced to buy back his stolen stock. Usually the fence confined his attentions to small articles, mostly plate and jewelry, which he kept concealed in a hiding place with a trap door just beneath his bed. He lived in Rosemary Lane, and sometimes had as much as twenty thousand pounds worth of goods secreted on the premises.

When his trade was busiest he set up a second establishment, at the head of which, although he was married, he put a woman other than his wife. This move led to disaster; the real Mrs. Solomons found it out. He was implicated as a receiver, and decided to try his fortunes in another land. On the point of emigrating to New South Wales he was arrested and committed to Newgate. By a clever trick he escaped from prison, crossed the North Sea to Copenhagen, and thence sailed to the United States.

Wife Turned to Crime.

As a guest of Brother Jonathan he devoted himself to the circulation of forged notes. His wife in London could not resist the temptation to carry on her husband's business, and as a result received a sentence of fourteen years imprisonment and was sent to Van Diemen's Land. There Solomons joined her, and they set up a general shop and began to prosper. He was, however, recognized, taken back to England and Newgate prison as a receiver and a prison breaker. Receiving a sentence of fourteen years, he was reconveyed by his own request to Van Diemen's Land. There is no record of his further adventures.

The story of the real Fagin is an unfamiliar one. Most of the parallels of the Dickens novels and the originals of the characters are generally known. The story of David Copperfield was to a large extent the story of certain years of the novelist's own life and the Dora Spenlow of the book was Maria Beadnell, with whom Dickens was once madly in love; Mr. Micawber was drawn from Dickens's father, and Mrs. Nickleby from his mother, who once asked her son if a character of that kind had ever existed. "Sam" Weller, of "The Pickwick Papers," was "Sam" Vale; the Cheeryble brothers were the Grant brothers; Harold Skimpole and Lawrence Boythorn of "Bleak House" were respectively Leigh Hunt and Walter Savage Landor. Also familiar is the story of Rebecca Gratz, whose love romance and sacrifice, told by Washington Irving, who himself learned of them when courting Matilda Hoffman in a house that stood at the corner of Broadway and Duane street, New York, to Sir Walter Scott in Abbotsford, suggested the Rebecca of "Ivanhoe." Incidentally the name, "Ivanhoe" came from an old rhyme; the tragic death of the Templar, Brian de Bois Guilbert, was founded on a death which took place in Scott's presence in the Edinburgh Parliament House, and the name of Front-de-Bœuf was borrowed from a roll of Norman warriors in the Auchinleck Manuscript.

Parallels Kipling's Namgay Doola.

Rudyard Kipling has written very few stories more deservedly popular than "Namgay Doola," which dealt with an Indian kingdom four miles square, a royal elephant which ate up the revenue, a standing army of five, a king who would not imprison because, having once been bedridden, he "perceived the nature of the punishment," nor burn a rebel out, "because a hut is a hut and it holds the life of a man," and Namgay Doola himself, red headed, blue eyed, wild Irish from top to toe, crooning with his offspring the heart-breaking hymn:

Dir hane mardi-yemen-dir to weareeala gee,

which was all that the years had left of

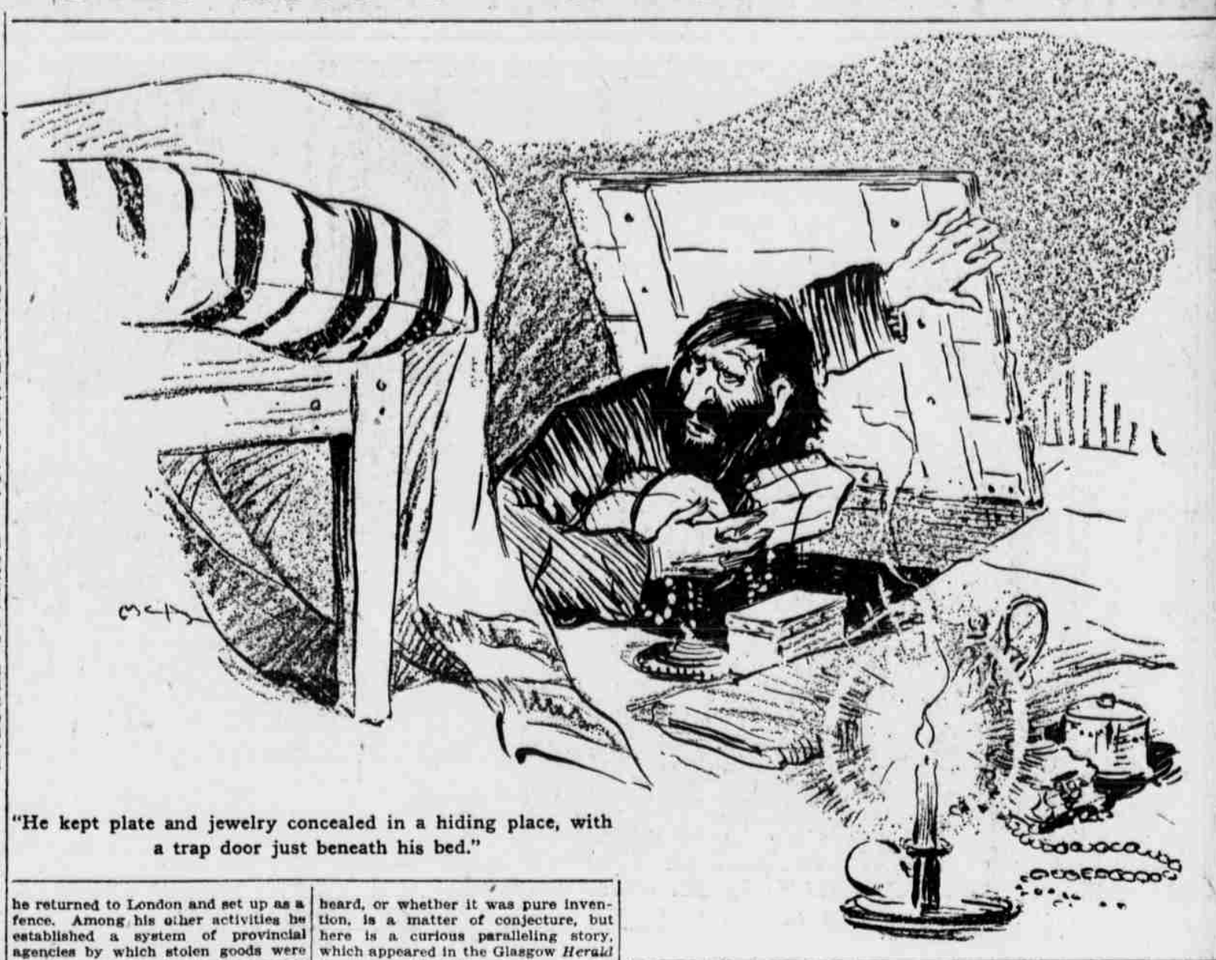
"They're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green."

Whether or not Kipling wrote "Namgay Doola" from a tale that he had heard, or whether it was pure invention, is a matter of conjecture, but here is a curious paralleling story, which appeared in the Glasgow *Herald* for August 14, 1889:

The Indian mail brings an account of a curious episode in the Sikkim campaign. The story is not only interesting in itself, but it touches on several of those problems of heredity which puzzle and fascinate the scientific student. Among the prisoners taken at the battle of the Jelap was a Tibetan, who had fallen, badly wounded, while defending one of the series of stone walls which the enemy had thrown up to stop the British advance. The man's appearance, his fair complexion, blue eyes, red hair and robust build, attracted much attention, and the hospital doctor, a keen physiologist, convinced that his patient was of European extraction, left no stone unturned to discover his previous history.

Priest Answers Riddle.

The man himself, Namgay Doola, had little to tell. In speech, habit, ways of thought and dirt, he was manifestly Tibetan. He had been born in Sikkim some thirty-five years before; his mother was a Lepchani; his father, Timlay Doola, had had the same physical characteristics as himself; both were now dead, but Namgay had brothers and sisters in Tibet, some resembling himself in color and stature, others like ordinary Tibetans. As the prisoner's wounds healed and he grew strong, the astonishing facility with which he picked up English phrases gave a fresh edge to the doctor's curiosity; but all his inquiries proved fruitless till one day, in a monastery, he questioned a venerable Lama. The priest told him that very



"He kept plate and jewelry concealed in a hiding place, with a trap door just beneath his bed."

they had come up with the deserter and the Lepchas, but that the soldier had halted and fired on them, and being afraid to go far into Sikkim they had abandoned the task.

That was the last seen of Tim Doolan, who presumably led thenceforth a comfortable loafer's life as Timlay Doola. Further evidence as to the identity of the deserter with the prisoner's father was furnished by a messenger, who brought from Namgay's house in Tibet an old brass breastplate, used formerly for fastening a soldier's cross belts, with the number of the regiment on it; a small, well worn brass crucifix and an old tobacco stopper. One wonders what thoughts passed through Tim's red head as he gazed on these relics of his past life, whether he ever regretted his soldiering days, or pictured to himself the ancestral hovel in the "ould country."

Cling to Camp.

When Tim's son was released from the other prisoners he did not at once return with them to Tibet, but lingered about the camp, with a feeling of reluctance to leave it which must have been inexplicable to himself. After a while, however, he departed, with a few presents and keepsakes from the men, and made his way back to his wife and family. Whether Namgay Doola has transmitted to his children any of the peculiarities of their grandfather, the narrative does not say, but one cannot read it without reverting to those curious discoveries recorded by travellers of isolated tribes and communities in which the presence of the blood of the white man is undeniably manifest.

The blood of the Doolans will, therefore, in all probability, effect little change among the mountain villages of Tibet. Aptitudes, vague longings, quick temper—what may be called unconscious reminiscences of Donnybrook, Father Phelin, Tim O'Hara's wake, the turf cabin and the black bog—may distinguish the Irish-complexioned children from their Lepcha-featured brothers and sisters for a generation or two, and then the red-coated deserter will disappear forever. And yet, who knows? Timlay may reappear again and yet again and the Irish blood spring up in a turbulent mountaineer destined to give trouble to some unlucky viceroy of the future.

"He himself was reduced to poverty and finally was stabbed to death by a masked man in the garden of the Tuileries."

Patriotism Its Own Reward

DURING the war it was usually expensive to be patriotic, and life was just one privation after another. But now, in the period of settlement and readjustment, there is one patriotic duty that does not mean sacrifice, and the man who performs it by hiring a soldier will find that patriotism is its own reward.

For the ex-service man, according to tests, is better fitted for the world's work, both mentally and physically, than he was when he went to war. Therefore, that patriotic employer who welcomes soldiers and sailors into his business organization will not only be doing the men a good turn but he will by so doing inject new energy into his office and thus raise the standards of efficiency.

These tests have been made by the War Department as a key to the task of placing in civilian employment the 4,000,000 men who are to be returned to the United States. Col. Arthur Woods, Assistant to the Secretary of War, is in charge of the Government's gigantic employment plan, and makes public the figures which have been obtained relative to the condition of returning soldiers and sailors.

The figures show that 64 per cent. of the men manifest actual and tangible improvement both in physical and mental vigor. Their perceptions have been quickened, their nerves have been disciplined, their backbone has been stiffened, and they are in general better stuff than they were when they went away. Of the remaining numbers, a large percentage have shown no actual retrogression, while a few have been shocked and wearied by the strain. These latter, however, are not discharged until everything possible has been done to restore them to normal, so that all the men who are sent out as applicants for work by Col. Woods and his assistants represent the finest type of labor that could be found anywhere in the country, men with sound bodies, keen minds and a ready spirit.